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The McKinley Memorial
Eulogies and Orations

To which are added PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S LAST AND GREATEST SPEECH *and President Roosevelt's* PROCLAMATION OF THAT SPEECH AS HIS POLICY

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The McKinley Memorial
Eulogies and Orations

To which are added PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S LAST AND GREATEST SPEECH *and President Roosevelt's* PROCLAMATION OF THAT SPEECH AS HIS POLICY

A GREAT NATION pays the last sad rites to her best beloved son. In life he personified the highest ideals of American manhood,—the foremost statesman of his time, the Christian gentleman, the loving husband, the constant friend. In death he leaves to the nation the heritage of a prosperity which he established, and the example of a noble life that will be as a beacon light to all generations. In the midst of his high duties he was stricken down by the hand of a merciless and ignorant assassin. Only the day before he had delivered his last speech, which was instantly and universally recognized to be an immortal deliverance. This speech should be preserved and cherished by every American as a fitting memorial of a great man gone.

That the influence of his life should receive the utmost emphasis and yield the best and largest fruits is surely the earnest wish of every Christian patriot. It is in furtherance of this desire that the present volume is put forth, perpetuating the more notable sermons, tributes and eulogies inspired by the life and tragic death of William McKinley.

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"It is God's way.
His will be done; not ours."

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President McKinley's Last Speech

PRESIDENT MILBURN, Director-General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to again be in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship, and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the time-keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of men. Friendly

rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture, and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly; presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the Powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will coöperate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset, and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel,

nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now! We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capital, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought, through our Minister, the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric tele-

graph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect, or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid, policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the

country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will

prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable can not be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the

republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It can not be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight; but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition?

Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all; but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

(*Buffalo, September 5, 1901*).

President McKinley's Last Speech the Platform and Policy of President Roosevelt

IT is a significant fact of momentous importance to the nation and the world at large that *President McKinley's last speech has been publicly and definitely announced by President Roosevelt to be the platform and policy of his administration.* After the obsequies over the late President at Washington on September 17th, the Cabinet assembled at President Roosevelt's request and he told the members of the Cabinet collectively what he had already told them individually, that he desired them all to remain in their places; and he did so, he said, with the hope and expectation that they would serve through his term. He tendered the appointments, he added, as if he had been elected President and were making an original Cabinet.

The President declared that *he had no intention of inaugurating a new policy, and he added that he regarded the speech of President McKinley at the Buffalo Exposition as outlining the policy of this country, which he will closely follow.*

The strength of American securities both on Wall Street and in all foreign bourses is a substantial indication of the confidence of the financial world that the national policy of President McKinley will continue unchanged and their acceptance of the fact that President Roosevelt represents the same party, the same spirit and the same policy which were represented by President McKinley.

By the President of the United States
A Proclamation

A TERRIBLE bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen. President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellowmen, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we, as a Nation, express our abiding love and reverence for his life; our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September nineteenth, the day on which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the Nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the 14th day of September, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

[Seal.] THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President.

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

Tributes to the Memory of William McKinley

Born January 29, 1843 *Died September 14, 1901*

Served in the U. S. Army 1862–1865
Member of Congress 1876–1891
Governor of the State of Ohio 1891–1895
President of the United States 1897–1901

THE DAY appointed was observed by the entire nation in most impressive religious devotions in all the churches, and was marked by manifestations of the deepest sorrow everywhere. At the hour of 3:30 in the afternoon, the time fixed for the obsequies at Canton, all activities of the nation suddenly ceased for the space of five minutes,—railways, steamships, telegraph, street cars, and all the complex machinery of our intense commercial life—that the mind of the nation might turn undisturbed to the contemplation of its martyred President. With bared heads men of high and low degree stood and mourned together united by the bonds of a common sorrow, and in a unity of spirit which contributed to cement the nation more closely together than ever before in its history.

From the thousands of sincere eulogies and heart-felt tributes which were pronounced throughout the civilized world on the day of his funeral, the following have been selected as being especially worthy of preservation as a memorial of one of the best and best beloved of Presidents of the United States:

The Rev. Dr. C. E. Manchester, Pastor of the late President, in an Address at Canton, Ohio:

Our President is dead!

The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern. The mourners go about the streets. One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land; for "the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen. I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said: "It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us." It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated science and of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly muttered words: "Goodby all, goodby. It is God's way. His will be done." And then "Nearer, My God, to Thee." So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow. * * *

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the "Beauty of Israel," could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament over our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him; for who has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindliness of aspect, but gives assent to this description of him? It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him; but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner, none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln, that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people; but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social

conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people. * * *

It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence with our illustrious dead before us that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or preëminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes. "His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him." He was sincere, plain and honest; just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty, and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly.

Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear dimmed eyes as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived. This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in this one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon, and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude, and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God, in this deep hour of sorrow, comfort her! May His grace be greater than her anguish! May the widow's God be her God!

Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word, that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God and in His sovereignty. His faith in the Gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ and Him crucified" was to his mind the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word.

He said: "We do not look for great business men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the Gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster responsibilities than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evince the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his lifelong convictions and his personal experiences that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done"; and that he should declare at the last, "It is God's way; His will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and calmed him, we find that in his supreme moment he still was a conqueror.

My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death! When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin; and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assailant have realized how awful the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime. * * *

In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history and saw the

dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fulness of his fame. With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness, "I am ready to be offered." The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things we are not surprised to hear, from one who was present when this great soul passed away, that he never before saw a death so peaceful or a dying man so crowned with grandeur. * * *

We hoped with him that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he loved.

He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a homecoming.

But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession! The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, oh what a victory! I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him and by so many people? What pageant has equalled this that we look upon to-day? We gave him to the nation but a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of the morning upon his brow, but with his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best.
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.
And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb.
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year—
For many a year, and many an age,
While history on her ample page
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soul.

GROVER CLEVELAND, ex-President of the United States, in an Address at Princeton, New Jersey:

To-day the grave closes over the dead body of the man but lately chosen by the people of the United States from among their number to represent their nationality, preserve, protect and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws ordained for their welfare and to safely hold and keep the honor and integrity of the republic. His time of service is ended, not by the lapse of time, but by the tragedy of assassination. He has passed from the public sight, not joyously bearing the garlands and wreaths of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. He has gone to his home, not the habitation of earthly peace and quiet night, with domestic comfort and joy, but to the dark and narrow home appointed for all the sons of men, and there to rest until the morning light of the resurrection shall gleam in the East.

All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character and his amiable consideration for all about him will long live in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them: "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping." Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme.

First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of our university. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart, which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone, will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success. The man who

is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education ; but, with all you will hear of his grand career and services to his country and to his fellow citizens, you will not hear that the high plane he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will, instead, constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning. * * *

By the memory of our murdered President, let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet any call of patriotic duty in any time of our country's danger and need.

The Hon. William J. Bryan, in an Address at Lincoln, Nebraska:

As monuments reared to the memory of heroes testify to the virtues of the living as well as to the services of the dead, so the sorrow that has overwhelmed our nation, obliterating distinctions of party, race and religion, is complimentary to the patriotism of our people. While no recent campaigns have aroused deeper feeling than those through which President McKinley passed, yet in no contest did the minority more cheerfully acquiesce in the will of the majority as expressed at the polls. He was the President of all the people, and their dignity and sovereignty were attacked when he was assaulted.

I rejoice that President McKinley's career so fully demonstrates the possibility of American citizenship. The young men of the country can find inspiration and encouragement in the fact that he made his own way from obscurity to fame; those who are nearing the boundary of life can find consolation and example in the superb manner in which he fought his final battle. Domestic happiness has never been better illustrated than in his life, and Christian faith and trust never better exemplified than in his death.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, in an Address at Baltimore, Maryland:

In the annals of crime it is difficult to find an instance of murder so atrocious, so wanton and meaningless, as the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Some reason or pretext has been usually assigned for the sudden taking away of earthly rulers. Balthazzar, the impious King of Chaldea, spent his last night in reveling and drunkenness and profanity. He was suddenly struck dead by the hand of the Lord.

How different was the life of our Chief Magistrate! No Court in Europe or in the civilized world was more conspicuous for moral rectitude and purity, or more free from the breath of scandal, than the official home of President McKinley. He would have adorned any Court in Christendom by his civic virtues. * * *

As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office, and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance, and masterly self-control under very trying circumstances. When unable to grant a favor he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

The domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley were worthy of all praise. He was a model husband. Amid the pressing and engrossing duties of his official life he would, from time to time, snatch a few moments to devote to the invalid and loving partner of his joys and sorrows. Oh! what a change has come over this afflicted woman! Yesterday she was the first lady of the land. To-day she is a disconsolate and broken-hearted widow. Let us beseech Him who comforted the widow of Naim that He console this lady in her hour of desolation. * * *

We have prayed for the President's life, but it did not please God to grant our petition. Let no one infer from this that our prayers were in vain. No fervent prayer ascending to the throne of heaven remains unanswered. Let no one say what a lady remarked to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death: "I have prayed," she said, "for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the State prayed for him, the Nation prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" God answers our petitions either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He has not saved the life of the President, He

preserves the life of the Nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He has infused into the hearts of the American people a greater reverence for the head of the Nation, and a greater abhorrence of assassination. He has intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.

What a beautiful spectacle to behold prayers ascending from tens of thousands of temples throughout the land to the throne of mercy! Is not this universal uplifting of minds and hearts to God a sublime profession of our faith and trust in Him? Is not this national appeal to heaven a most eloquent recognition of God's superintending providence over us? And such earnest and united prayers will not fail to draw down upon us the blessings of the Almighty. * * *

THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, in an Address at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York:

Our dear President owes his death to his own persistent purpose. He was urged not to give a public reception; but he said that the people wanted it, and he was their servant. That makes the infamy of his killing even darker. The wider view of this deed is what we should be supremely concerned about. What is it that produces such a situation that within forty years three Presidents have been assassinated? Such a page of our history should set the people searching themselves for its causes. The trouble is that some of our hereditary doctrines are wrong. They were laid on the eve of that great movement in France which culminated in the revolution, and it is impossible not to recognize that some of those who framed the Constitution were deeply imbued with the principles underlying that movement.

The modern Anarchist is perhaps an extravagance, but his principles were here. One of them was free speech. That principle has gone on. In a decent society there can be no such thing as absolutely free speech. If speech is free then one can enter your house and poison the mind of your boy. The moment free speech is stated as a principle like that then you see its fallacy. We can no more have free speech than free gunpowder. "Spoken words break no bones," says the proverb. On the contrary they may break a great many and shatter the fabric of the republic. Again, some people will say that the people who hold that

doctrine are not prepared to experiment by muzzling false prophets or burning books of treason. Possibly that is true, sometimes; but treatments of that kind are superficial. The situation which confronts us is created by the ignorance among us.

In the presence of this sorrow we should come face to face with our duties. We can not have freedom in a republic without its responsibilities. We believe that there is a better way. Our system of public education needs to be an education to touch the perverted minds of those who reach our shores. In this age of modern Phariseeism we must show what the law is—a representation of a Divine power and that the final law is a law of love. When we have sacrificed care and wealth to interpret to men the religion of Jesus Christ, then the sacrifice that has brought us so far toward the millenial age will not have been lost. So, as we come to think of him who is being laid beneath the sod to-day in Ohio, let us lift a prayer that out of the tragedy of the Republic you and I may learn to be better servants of the State by learning first the law of God.

The Rev. W. R. Huntington, in an Address at Grace Church, New York:

Religion is the stronger in America to-day for William McKinley's death. I do not refer to that awakened sense of dependence upon a higher power which comes to nations under the pressure of such calamities as this—I am thinking of the gracious words which fell from the lips of the stricken man—words destined to be treasured up as a golden inheritance for time to come.

It is true in the civil life of the modern state; it was true in in the church life of the early Christians, that to be given leadership is to be marked for martyrdom. But think of those words of his, spoken to protect his enemy against mob violence, the moment he began to realize the terrible character of what had happened: "Let no one hurt the man." There spoke not only personal compassion, but that reverence for law, for the settled and ordered administration of civic justice, which is the sole safeguard of our stability as a people, and which to forfeit means downfall. It has been more than once declared by persons competent to form and entitled to express an opinion that the address made by the President at Buffalo on the day before he was attacked is destined to go on record as the ablest, in a political sense, of all the utterances of the man's memorable career; but I venture an expression of the belief

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that more influential for the popular well-being than even that significant and suggestive speech will be the simple sentence: "Let no one hurt the man."

Let us make of it, my fellow countrymen, a proverb, and use it as a cry. It may be made, depend upon it, more helpful in the crusade against lynch law, now fairly opened, than any learned citations or labored arguments. When next the temptation comes to some infuriated mob to slash or burn or strangle the untried, unjudged object of its suspicions, let someone in the crowd, in clear tones, repeat those words, now made tenfold more significant by the seal which death has set on them, and depend upon it there will be found to be magic in the cry. So, being dead, shall he yet speak, and speaking, help to free our country from what is, perhaps, its most serious reproach.

Think, too, of those other words, those last words; for really in essence they were close akin to these first ones. After all, it is the recognition of law as expressing the will of God that most exalts and dignifies law. So long as we think of law as only a human device for keeping under the troublesome element and making society possible, our reverence for it will be only a modified reverence; but when we find the real seat of law in "the bosom of God," and submit to it because it is the ruling of the supreme will, the whole thing is lifted to a loftier level, and we discern the deep meaning of those words which lie at the heart of the prayer which Christ gave to his disciples, and which made the sole burden of his own prayer in the garden af Gethsemane: "Thy will be done." Should these last words of our dead President prove dissuasive and deterrent from that spirit of lawlessness which is becoming so sharp a menace to our safety, who shall say that the outcome was not worth the cost—yes, the heavy cost of such a sacrifice?

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York :

Among the heroes and martyrs who have died vicariously let us make a large place for our slain leader. In the highest sense our President hath now entered into the holy of holies bearing the sins of his people with him. Reverently we confess that he was wounded for our transgressions and he was bruised for our iniquities. In a republic founded on law we have fostered Anarchy and law-

lessness. Blessed by freedom of speech and of the press, we have transformed this liberty into unbridled license.

If to-day, assembled in church and hall, the people register a vow that they will so strengthen the home, the school, the press, and the Church through wise legislation and noble precept, expel Anarchy, lawlessness, injustice, class hatred from the land, our martyred President will not have died in vain.

SENATOR J. B. FORAKER, in an Address at Cincinnati, Ohio:

He no longer belongs to us alone. We long ago gave him to the nation, and the nation has given him to the world. There is no place in all Christendom where his name is not spoken with admiration and cherished with affection. The whole world mourns with us and pays tribute to his memory; not because of his public services, for they were rendered for America, but for the gentleness of his nature and the nobility of his character. In these respects he is without a rival since Sir Philip Sidney.

He was of splendid presence, of pleasing personality, and of polished and graceful address. There was no court in Europe where his manner and deportment would not have commanded the highest respect; and yet, it was all so natural and free from simulation or affectation that he was always, without any sacrifice of dignity or change of manner, familiarly at home with Abraham Lincoln's common people of America.

He loved his countrymen, and was never so happy as when in their midst. From them he constantly gathered suggestions and ideas and wisdom. The cares of state were never so exacting that he could not give consideration to the humblest, and his mind was never so troubled that his heart was not full of mercy.

As a public speaker he had few equals. His voice was of pleasing tone and unusual carrying power. He had it under complete control. He could adapt it perfectly to any audience for any subject. It was always in tune with the occasion. From one end of the land to the other, he was constantly in demand for public addresses. He responded to more such calls, probably, than any other orator of his time. Most of his speeches were of a political character, yet he made many addresses on other subjects; but, no matter when or where, or on what subject he spoke, he never dealt in offensive personalities. He drove home his points and routed his antagonist with merciless logic, but never in any other way wounded his sensibilities.

The remarkable tale is not all told. No language can adequately tell of his devoted love and tender affection for the invalid partner of all his joys and sorrows. Amidst his many honors and trying duties she ever reigned supreme in his affections. The story of this love has gone to the ends of the earth and is written in the hearts of all mankind everywhere. It is full of tenderness, full of pathos, and full of honor. It will be repeated and cherished as long as the name of William McKinley shall live. It was these great qualities of the heart that gave him the place he holds in the affections of other peoples. They claim him for humanity's sake, because they find in him an expression of their highest aspiration. By common consent, he honored the whole human race and all the race will honor him.

But he was more than gentle. He was thoroughly religious, and too religious to be guilty of any bigotry. His broad comprehensive views of man and his duty in his relations to God, enabled him to have charity and respect for all who differed from his belief. His faith solaced him in life and did not fail him when the supreme test came. When he realized the work of the assassin, his first utterance was a prayer that God would forgive the crime. As he surrendered himself to unconciousness, from which he might never awake, that surgery could do its work, he gently breathed the Lord's prayer—"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." And when the dread hour of dissolution overtook him and the last touching farewell had been spoken, he sank to rest murmuring, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

This was his last triumph and his greatest. His whole life was given to humanity, but in his death we find his most priceless legacy.

The Hon. Lyman J. Gage, in an Address at Washington, D. C.:

It needed not the shadows of death to make the figure of the late President loom large in the estimate of mankind. The republic he loved, he lived to broaden and unify as no previous President had done. Under his prudent and far-seeing statesmanship it took exalted place in the community of nations. From his place as private citizen, on through many and increasing honors to his final post as ruler of his people, he remained true to the highest ideals.

By the people of the nation at large and by the world he was

known and will live in grateful annals as a gentleman of noble heart, an affectionate husband, a sturdy friend and a faithful and illustrious President. In a long public life, ever open to his fellows, nothing was ever found, even by intemperate partisan zeal, that would cast a shade upon his character. The kindly and unselfish attributes which his colleagues knew and loved the public felt, and now men of every faith and following join in reverent acknowledgment of those distinctive virtues and abilities that lift him among the truly great of all ages.

The passing of Presidents and Kings usually evokes tributes of praise, but in William McKinley's life there was an element that made him more than ruler, and which in the hour of his death is above the tribute of speech and tears. The ordinary tributes paid to the memory of the great when they pass from earth utterly fail to satisfy the mind in an attempted application of them to our dead President.

THE HON. ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, in an Address at Brooklyn, New York:

We have looked to-day through tears upon the face and into the grave of a great and good man. William McKinley gave to his country and to humanity what Abraham Lincoln, whose commission he bore in the war for the Union and freedom, said of the patriotic dead who fell at Gettysburg, "The last, full measure of devotion." Other martyrs have died in the vestibule of the work to which they felt themselves appointed. Not this man. He had fought the good fight. He had kept the faith. He was ready to be offered up. For him was laid up a crown, which the Righteous Judge has already placed upon him. His life in review rounds out like a benediction.

PRESIDENT J. G. SCHURMAN, in an Address at Ithaca, New York:

We have come together with bowed heads and heavy hearts to join in a solemn service in memory of the late President of the United States. What manner of man he was we can now only vaguely discern, for our eyes are blinded with tears and analysis is overwhelmed by emotion. Yet, that a great and good man walked with us, and shall walk with us no more, we are somehow vividly aware.

Strong he was, and firm even to the point of obstinacy. Yet

he was so deferential to the judgment of others, so willing to listen to everybody, so truly democratic in his search for truth and wisdom, that his very lack of dogmatic self-conceit and even the deliberateness of his method were at first construed as signs of weakness, and in the early days of his Presidency it was a not uncommon criticism that he had no mind of his own. Never was there a greater mistake, as the men who came closest to him and had most to do with him will universally testify. His cabinet was made up of strong men, but the President dominated the Cabinet. He saw everybody, heard everybody, but followed nobody. Yet, somehow, he was leader of all, and all fell into line and marched behind or beside him. He acquainted himself with all the facts of a given case, listened to all manner of advice from those who might be supposed to know all about it, even suffering fools gladly, and then reached a decision or adopted a policy of his own, which, being well considered was sure to command general assent. It was his own view, yet it was the quintessence of the public mind. He was the greatest inductive philosopher who ever experimented with American politics. And it did not take the American people long to discover his method or to show their appreciation of it. Even before his reëlection the talk that he lacked independence of judgment had entirely ceased.

I have dwelt on this point because it is here that William McKinley has suffered most injustice at the hands of his critics.

Address of Bishop E. B. Andrews, delivered in the Capitol Rotunda on the occasion of the state funeral at Washington.

It was a humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him; but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof, according to the statement of some great writer, up to the very heavens and permitted its inmates to behold the things eternal, immortal and divine, and he came under that training.

It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example and teaching and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school came but briefly, and then came to him the church with a ministration of power. He accepted the truth which it taught. He believed in God and in Jesus Christ, through whom God was revealed. He accepted the Divine law of the Scripture; he based his hope

on Jesus Christ, the appointed and only Redeemer of men ; and the church, beginning its operation upon his character at an early period of his life, continued even to its close to mold him.

He waited attentively upon its ministrations. He gladly partook with his brethen of the symbols of mysterious passion and redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was helpful in all of those beneficences and activities ; and from the church to the close of his life he received inspiration that lifted him above much of the trouble and weakness incident to our human nature, and blessings be to God, may we say, in the last and final hour they enabled him confidently, tenderly, to say; "It is His will, not ours, that will be done."

Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. I suppose no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember, with great felicitation at this time, for such an example to ourselves, that when great financial difficulties and perils encompassed him he determined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors ; that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate purity, shall we say ? No stain was upon his escutcheon; no syllable of suspicion was whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self-control.

Beyond that this man had somehow wrought in him—I suppose upon the foundations of a very happily constructed nature—a great and generous love for his fellow men. He believed in men. He had himself been brought up among the common people. He knew their labors, struggles, necessities. He loved them ; but I think beyond that it was to the church and its teachings concerning the fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man that he was indebted for that habit of kindness, for that generosity of spirit, that was wrought into his very substance, and became him so that though he was of all men most courteous, no one ever supposed but that courtesy was from the heart. It was spontaneous, unaffected, kindly, attractive in a most eminent degree.

What he was in the narrower circle of those to whom he was personally attached, I think he was also in the greatness of his comprehensive love toward the race of which he was part. If any man had been lifted up to take into his purview and desire to help all classes and conditions of men, all nationalities beside his own, it was this man.

Shall I speak a word next of that which I will hardly advert

to—the tenderness of that domestic love which has so often been commented upon? I pass it with only that word. I take it that no words can set forth fully the unfaltering kindness and carefulness and upbearing love which belonged to this great man.

And he was a man who believed in right, who had a profound conviction that the courses of this world must be ordered in accordance with everlasting righteousness, or this world's highest point of good will never be reached; that no nation can expect success in life except as it conforms to the eternal laws of the Infinite Lord, and pass itself in individual and collective activity according to that Divine will. It was deeply ingrained in him that righteousness was the perfection of any man, and of any people. Simplicity belonged to him. I need not dwell upon it, and I close the statement of these qualities by saying that underlying all and overreaching all and penetrating all, there was a profound loyalty to the Great King of the universe, the author of all good, the eternal hope of all that trust in Him.

And now, may I say further, that it seemed to me that to whatever we may attribute all the illustriousness of this man, all the greatness of his achievements—whatever of that we may attribute to his intellectual character and quality, whatever of it we may attribute to the patient and thorough study which he gave to the various questions thrust upon him for attention, for all his successes as a politician, as a statesman, as a man of this great country, these successes were largely due to the moral qualities of which I have spoken. They drew to him the hearts of men everywhere, and particularly of those who best knew him. They called to his side helpers in every exigency of his career, so that when his future was at one time likely to have been imperiled and utterly ruined by his financial conditions, they who had resources, for the sake of helping a man who had in him such qualities, came to his side and put him on the high road of additional and larger successes.

And will such a man die? Is it possible that He who created, redeemed, transformed, uplifted, illumined such a man, will permit him to fall into oblivion? The instincts of morality are in all good men. The Divine word of the Scripture leaves us no room for doubt. "I," said One whom he trusted "am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

Lost to us, but not to his God; lost from earth, but entered

heaven ; lost from these labors and toils and perils, but entered into the everlasting peace and ever advancing progress. Blessed be God who gives us this hope in this hour of our calamity, and enables us to triumph through Him who hath redeemed us.

If there is a personal immortality before him, let us also rejoice that there is an immortality and memory in the hearts of a large and ever-growing people, who through the ages to come, the generations that are yet to be, will look back upon this life, upon this nobility and purity and services to humanity, and thank God for it. The years draw on when his name shall be counted among the illustrious of the earth.

William of Orange is not dead. Cromwell is not dead. Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen. Lincoln, with his infinite sorrow, lives to teach us and lead us on. And McKinley shall summon all statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, sweeter faith and immortal blessedness.

Tributes from Jewish Rabbis:

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, in an Address at Temple Emanu-El, New York :

In every position and station that he occupied, whether it was as son, husband or father, as teacher of the young, as an advocate before the bar of justice, as a soldier in the army, as representative of the people, as statesman, orator or President, he always felt that he was doing God's work, that he was an humble servant of the Lord in His vineyard on earth.

This supremely religious life made of him an ideal President of the nation, on a plane with Washington and Lincoln. Speaking epigrammatically, we might say that Washington created the Union, Lincoln preserved the Union, and McKinley expanded the Union. It is for this dead President that the nation mourns. The people had learned to admire him for his courage, his liberality, his sense of justice, and his devotion to his invalid wife. They had watched him as he wisely brought harmony out of political chaos, shattered the financial heresies of his opponents, and conserved the stability of the nation's credit.

The Rev. Rudolph Grossman, in an Address at Synagogue Rodolph Sholom, New York :

America is the poorer now that he who so enriched it with his goodness is no more. Humanity is the weaker, now that he who

was a very pillar of sturdy manhood has fallen. Religion weeps, now that he who was its reverent champion has been laid low. Domestic love is bereaved, now that he who was its brightest exemplar sleeps in the dust. But why strike only a minor key? Let weeping give way to thanksgiving. Let hymns of gratitude mingle with our dirges of woe. If we are the poorer by his death, have we not also been made richer through his life? McKinley is no more. But the story of his life is ours. Our President is dead, yet his deeds have not died with him. William McKinley, our friend, our brother, our comrade, our honored dead, fallen, thou hast risen! Gone from earth, thou livest in our hearts. Thou livest in lives made purer by thy presence. Thou livest in the white mansion where thy Master ruleth. Peace, peace, to thine immortal soul.

The Rev. D. H. Pereira Mendes, in an Address at the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, New York:

Humanity mourns, for humanity has been outraged. Not only because a man has been foully murdered, but because the blow was struck against the most enlightened form of government represented by the person of the man stricken down, and because the moment chosen for the murder showed that human industry, art, science, civilization, progress, to which the Exposition in our sister city was consecrated, were not, are not, sacred in the eyes of the misguided men and women who preach anarchy or in the eyes of their miserable dupes whom they urge to danger.

Well may we weep! Our indignation wrestles with our horror to gain the mastery. But this Republic is too great hearted; the rocks on which she rests are too stable. Dignity, a consciousness of strength, religion, all alike forbid wild vengeance, and America, though weeping, stands to-day a princess of nations, with the light of God in her eyes, His strength in her soul, His love in her heart. By that light she may be led to join her sister nations in an effort to cure the curse of anarchy. By that strength she may be inspired to protest against the vile governments abroad, which by their cruelty, injustice, and by stifling liberty, breed anarchy as a marsh breeds poison and disease; to protest by representation by consul instead of by minister or ambassador. By that love she may study the causes of crime, and by curing the cause abroad save precious lives here.

If anarchists are hostile to this form of government, let them not enter the country. Our authorities should keep them out by requiring from all immigrants a solemn promise to respect the government and our institutions. The Commissioners of Immigration should care less how much money an immigrant has in his pocket than what idea he has in his head; and if they declare polygamy a bar against permission to land, anarchism should also be a bar.

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